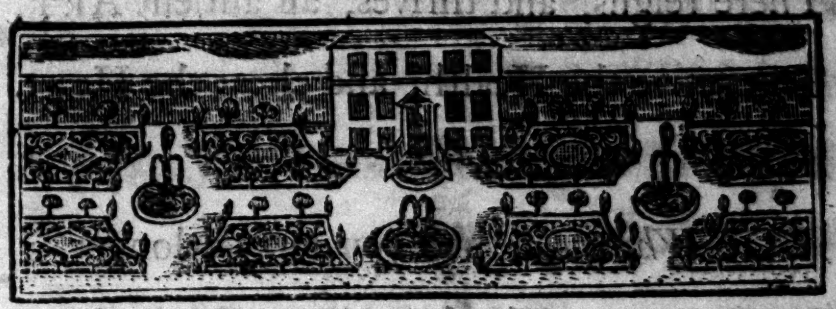

The WADHAMITES:

A BURLESQUE POEM.

AT length, the *Quære* is decided;
And Diſputants, long ſince di-
(vided,
Muſt now in one Opinion join,
OXFORD does CAMBRIDGE far out-ſhine.

There reigns, and thrives, an antient ART,
T'improve the Health, and chear the Heart.

O! *Whitefield*, had you tarry'd longer,
Your Party might have been much ſtron-
ger.
Could you, dear Sir, abet this Cauſe,
You'd ſkreen your ſelf from penal Laws;
W-rd-ns, and *C---ll--r*, would be-friend
(you;
B-ſh-ps at *Kennington* attend you:
Nay, in their holy Arms embrace,
Squeeze your white Hand, and kiſs your
(Face:

Nay,

Nay, more, they'd grope your virgin ----
(Breeches)
And ſign your Pockets well with Riches.

I only Hint, I don't adviſe;
(Since ev'ry Man's not born to riſe:)
For ſhould your Genius prove too low,
Your Skull too thick, your Wit too ſlow;
Should *Sw-nt-n* after taking Pains,
T'infuſe his Skill into your Brains,
For want of Taſt, miſpend his Time,
Your heavy Soul would be your Crime.

ATTEND, I'll paint you out a Caſe,
Which happen'd, in that learned Place.

Not *Pembroke*'s *Warden*; no, 'tis *W-dh-m*,
The Word, Ifaith, ſounds much like *So-dom*:
Deeply in this rare ART acquainted;
Virtuous; no Vice his Soul e'er tainted:
Nay, more, abhors a pretty Wench.
Pleas'd with the ſprightly Air of *Fr--ch*,
Kindly determines to impart
To him, the Secrets of his ART.
Straightway the *Manciple* he ſends,
That Dr. *Th-ſtle-th-te* intends,
The choiceſt Favours to beſtow
On pretty *Fr--ch*; that he muſt go
Directly to the *Warden*'s Chamber.
The Truth can never be a Slander.

AWAY

AWAY comes *Fr--ch*, the *W-rd-n* meets (him,
And with the greateſt Friendſhip, treats (him;
But ſad Neglect, ne'er aſks his Mind,
If he was to the ART inclin'd:
But *Nolens Volens*, learn he muſt,
And at him makes a potent Thruſt.

Fr--ch, tho' a Youth of ſolid Parts,
Well read in many uſeful Arts,
Could not the *W-rd-n*'s Science reliſh;
But baſely, often call'd it Helliſh.
This muſt be owned, no Diſgrace is,
Since Gifts are various as Faces.

Some

Some are for one Thing, ſome another;
This a Divine, a Lawyer t'other:
What one eſteems a uſeful ART,
Another values not a Fart.
Thus *W-dh-m*'s *W-rd-n*, learned, wiſe,
Extols this ART above the Skies.

THE worthy *Dr.* kindly try'd,
T'inſtruct the Youth, (who ſtill deny'd,)
With all the Symptoms of Affection;
And Promiſes of his Protection:
To which he adds, an ardent Kiſs,
As Earneſt of that future Bliſs
He might expect, would he but once
Submit to learn; yet ſtill a Dunce.

Hard

Hard Fate, O! *Th-ſtle-th-te*, is thine,
To caſt thy Pearls, before ſuch Swine.

L--gf--d, and *H-dg-s*, are the next,
The *Warden* preach'd to, from that Text;
Lab'ring with more than human Skill,
His wholſome Doctrine to inſtil;
Deſcrib'd it in its proper Light,
As yeilding Profit with Delight:
And to eradicate each Doubt,
That might ſubſiſt, he ſtrait pull'd out,
An *Inſtrument*, moſt finely fram'd,
(I cannot ſay I hear'd it nam'd:)
To give a Demonſtration plain,
He taught them not, in Hopes of Gain.

Then

Then eagerly he went to work.
I'm told, there hardly is a *Turk*,
In that moſt ſpacious Tract of Land,
But what this ART does underſtand.

THAT by the Bye. This Man of *W-d-*
(h-m,
Whoſe ART exiſted firſt in *Sodom*,
Began to ſhew his Skill moſt truly,
Hard Fate! The Wretches prov'd unruly.
H-dg-s bawl'd out, forbear, be Civil:
L--gf--d cries, Fury, Hell, the Devil.

THIS ſtopt a while his Demonſtration,
And fill'd his Soul with great Vexation.

Then

Then both in one Petition join'd,
Dear Mr. *W-rd-n*, pray be Kind,
We cannot learn: O pray give o'er,
And we'll provide you with a *Wh-re*.
The *W-rd-n* ſays, I pray don't hollow:
Your Inference, can never follow;
My ART may ſeem moſt ſtrange to you,
Your Ign'rance, that's the Cauſe; 'tis true.
But you are not to Old to learn;
Will Riches do you any Harm?

THEN took he *L--gf--d* in his Arms,
My Dear, you are all over Charms.
Oh! Why ſo Coy, my pretty Jade;
Why, of my ſacred ART afraid?

Diſcard your Doubts, diſperſe your Fears,
Joy ſhall attend your future Years;
You I'll ſecure, from ev'ry Woe,
Then change for Yes, the dreadful No.
View but how *Sw-nt-n* ſpends his Time;
Pleaſure and Profit, both combine,
To make his Days one ſingle Scene,
Of perfect Bliſs; then what d'ye mean?
Embrace the preſent happy Time;
Int'reſt can never be a Crime.

THIS ſaid, he made a freſh Attack,
His Skill to prove, upon his Back,
What ſhall we ſay, this baſe Ingrate,
With Stick of Oak, he broke his Pate;

Leaving the *W-rd-n* on the Floor,
To rowl and wallow in his Gore:
Rend'ring for Good, the greateſt Evil,
Sure, their ſome Kin unto the Devil.

But let me crave your cloſe Attention,
To what I farther have to mention.
After they had this Fact committed,
For which they ſhould have been *Deviſted*,
Conſcience diſturb'd, for the Tranſgreſſion,
Fear of their Spirits took Poſſeſſion.
What might be done, with Speed, to ſkreen 'em,
Was often argued between 'em.

SCHEMES are advanc'd, again rejected,
For fear they both ſhould be detected.
At laſt, as Fortune often Smiles,
On Knaves, and honeſt Men beguiles,
They heard by Chance, Oh happy Day!
That *Fr--ch* as ſtupid was, as they;
That after all the *W-rd-n*'s Pains,
He curs'd the ART, and call'd him Names.

WITH Joy they ſpeedily repair,
T'acquaint him with the whole Affair;
Tell him their Caſe, and what they fear'd,
The which, when *Fr--ch* had fully hear'd,
Courage

Courage (ſays he) keep but all Quiet,
We'll ruin him, they both cry'd, *Fiat.*
THIS is the Scheme, (and we'll declare
(it,
Nay, more than that, we'll roundly ſwear
(it,
Before the Jury-Men with Speed,
Which if by you, 'tis but agreed,
My Life for't, when they've heard the
(Caſe,
They'll ſoon expel him from this Place;)
That being void of Holy Fear,
And ev'ry Grace, to *Chriſtians* dear,
Holds Converſation with the Devil;
Deals in black ARTS, and ev'ry Evil;
Raiſes

Raiſes up Spirits, horrid, frightful:
In ſhort, that he is grown ſo ſpiteful,
As to deſtroy the Health and Eaſe,
Of all, who dare him to diſpleaſe.

THIS Scheme contriv'd, with helliſh ART,
They to the Jury-Grand impart,
Back'd with an Oath, to bind it ſtonger;
The Jury could contain no longer,
But ſend immediately a Proctor,
To cite before them, *W-dh-m's Doctor*;

BUT he withdrew; for having hear'd,
Their baſe Deſigns, he wiſely fear'd,
That

That Right, or Wrong, he might be Caſt;
Thus they were Conquerors at laſt.

THIS you well know, ſometime's the (Caſe,
Virtue and Learning meet Diſgrace;
Yet very often gets the beſt
Of Vice and Falſhood: Hear the reſt.

Sw-nt-n, a Man, to moſt ſuper'our,
To none in *W-db-m* is infer'our,
In the ſame ART the *W-rd-n* taught;
Bleſs'd with a happy Turn of Thought,
To ſkreen himſelf ſecure from Spight:
In that he certainly is Right;

For

For tho' as harmleſs as a Dove,
Yet ſurely it does well behove,
For to aſſume the Serpent's Wit.
Leaſt like the *W-rd-n* he is Bit.

Sw-nt-n's Succeſs in *S-d-m*'s ART,
Should animate each fearful Heart,
To cultivate, and ſpread the Science,
And bid each env'ous Dunce defiance.
If their dull Souls cannot attain
This ART, promoting Health and Gain;
Why ſhould they envy brighter Minds?
This was the Caſe, as you will find,

Sw-nt-n deſiring for to ſpread
The Skill, in which he's deeply read,

To

To all around, both Rich and Poor;
No Indication can be truer,
Of a diffuſive publick Spirit,
Which few are born for to inherit;
After his ART with great Succeſs
He'd taught to twenty, more or leſs,
Some Rich, ſome Poor, as he could find
Their Genius was thereto inclin'd;
Beheld with Sympathy a Youth
Poor, yet unprejudic'd to Truth;
Of ſoft Behaviour, pregnant Wit:
This Lad he inſtantly thought fit,
To well inſtruct in ev'ry Part,
Of this his late revived ART.
Then took him Home to Board and Bed,
And daily Lectures to him read,

That by Degrees he might prepare him,
For fear the firſt Attempt might ſcare (him;
And between whiles, he ſtrok'd his Face,
And felt him over in each Place,
And cloſely hugg'd him in his Arms,
Swore none alive poſſeſs'd ſuch Charms.

In ſhort Sir, *Sw-nt-n* by Degrees,
Taught him the MYSTERY with Eaſe.

But as it often is the Fate
Of Virtuous, Fortunate, and Great,
To be by envious Tongues defam'd:
This was the Caſe of him juſt nam'd.

A Man there was of Genius mean,
Crafty and baſe, as will be ſeen;
Not born to taſt ſuch ARTS as theſe,
Him Nature had not form'd to pleaſe;
With helliſh Malice views the Boy,
Careſs'd by *Sw-nt-n*; call'd his Joy:
Forms a moſt baſe and vile Deſign,
To ſwear on *Sw-nt-n* the ſame Crime,
Charg'd on the *W-rd-n* by his Foes:
This done, away the Traitor goes;
Prevails on *Bob* the Fact to Charge,
Before the *C-----ll-r* at large,
Upon the very beſt of Maſters,
Virrue will not prevent Diſaſters.
This wicked Boy, of Grace devoid;
All Senſe of Gratitude deſtroy'd,

Affirms, and aggravates the Caſe,
With mimmick Probity in's Face;
Declares, that ſhould the human Race,
His wicked Maſter's ART embrace,
Mankind would ſoon become no more,
Things would be juſt as heretofore.
Thus far the Scheme did well ſucceed,
And *Sw-nt-n* would have been decreed
At leaſt, to leave that famous Place,
With Deteſtation and Diſgrace,
Had he not plainly made appear
His Innocence: Once more give Ear.
What is't that Promiſes won't do?
He ſends to *Bob*, I vow 'tis true,
Upbraids him with his baſe Deſigns;
Bob's Conſcience pricks him for his Crimes:

What

What can he do to make Amends,
His injur'd Maſter, beſt of Friends?
No more's required on this Score,
Unſay what you have ſaid before;
Declare that *B-k-r* mov'd you to't,
By Caſh and Promiſes to boot.
Bob acts his Part, the Tables change,
(My Friend, there's nothing new or ſtrange;)
B-k-r before the *C-----ll-r*'s cited,
Who tells him that he is indicted,
Upon the Defamation Act,
And preſs'd him warmly to retract;
And own, that Malice was the Cauſe,
Againſt all Juſtice, Truth and Laws
That moved him to forge this Story,
To blaſt forever *Sw-nt-n*'s Glory:

And

And adds with domineering Note,
That he muſt ſign, what they had wrote,
Or he'd commit him, and expel him:
Thus Sir, you ſee, what has befel him.

WHAT could he do, who dare with-ſtand,
The Stroke of his vindictive Hand?
He ſign'd the Scrowl; own'd Truth a Lie,
My Tale is told: Dear Sir, Good-bye.

THUS thrives an ART, none dare op-
(poſe,
Unleſs he'll forfeit Food and Cloaths.

FINIS.

Cyrano de Bergerac (S.C. de)

K

THE

AGREEMENT.

A Satyrical and Facetious

DREAM.

To which is annexed,

The TRUTH,

The Whole TRUTH,

AND

Nothing but the TRUTH, &c.

Diverſos diverſa juvant, non omnibus ——
Omnia conveniunt —— CATUL. Eleg. 1.
—— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque ſecat Res. —— HOR. Sat.

Printed in the YEAR, 1756.